







## Poetry.

From the Proterot Churchman.

## BRIDGES.

I have a bridge within my heart,  
Known as the "Bridge of Sighs;"  
It stretches from life's sunny part,  
To where life's darkness lies.

And when upon this bridge I stand,  
To watch life's tide below,  
Sad thoughts come through the shadowy land  
And darken all its flow.

The east winds it's way along

To sorrow's bitter sea,

Mourful is the spirit-song,

That upward floats to me.

A song which breathes of blessings dead,  
Of friends and friendships flown;

Of pleasures gone—their vision tread

Now to an echo grown.

And hating thus, hating fears  
Soon shut the present out,

While blue but in the past appears,

And in the future doubt.

Often wills then grow

The night which round me lies;

I wish that life had run its flow,

Or never found its rise!

II.

I have a bridge within my heart,  
Known as the bridge of faith;

It spans by a mysterious art,

The streams of life death.

And when upon this bridge I stand,

To watch life's tide below,

Sweet thoughts come from a sunny land,

And brighten all its flow.

Then, as it winds its way along

Toward a distant sea,

O pleasant is the spirit-song,

That upward floats to me.

A song of blessings never sera,

Of love "beyond compare,"

Of pleasures flowed from troublous here,

To rise serenely there.

And hating thus, a peace divine

Soon shuts each sorrow out;

And all is hopeful and benign,

Where all was fear and doubt.

Often then will brighter grow

The light which round me lies;

I see from life's beclouded flow,

A crystal stream arise.

A. D. F. R.

From "Saul—a Mystery," by Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

ANNE.

In better days,

There was an homage writ in every soul,  
And deepest graven in the nobler sort;  
Which now is smoothed away; and holy rites;  
And tributes, native in the human heart;  
Which true religion nurtured, as she must;  
Matures good seeds, from blossoms into fruit;  
Are round up, chilled, in God, at length,  
Is each man's grave, and fancy, in the fancy;  
A thing as weak, poor, feeble, and supine,  
As the mere humor of its worshippers,  
Would choose their God to be.

JONATHAN.

I learned, my lord,  
To moralize, as thou dost, very young;  
For eod old Samuel was my eatechist;  
And, as I grow in years, it deeper sinks  
Into my heart, that I should be,  
In such an ungenerous climate born,  
Of spiritual cold! For, everything  
I most admire, doth cross the grain of others';  
And what, from principles, are not do,  
Restoring ancient principles, in a conceit;

With, before God, is deep-worshipping thought,  
And bid resolve to bles another axe,

While this one craves one. For, noble Abier,

Hest thou not married, what in itself is good,

Then, though at first, when the good eost it first,

Is, to the affer-begneth down,

All temble and ancien, with their names!

Now, let the poor, short-seeing, mob of men

Laugh on, and have the echo for their cheer;

But we, will live our lives, for future days;

Content to know, that though despised of fools,

We, in communion with the noble dead,

And, with applause from wise ministers,

Ay, with the strengthening smile of Go, himself,

Do bold, in his high service, our still way,

Having within us, all our journey through,

And, in his home at last, our high reward!

LOSS IN DELAYS.

By ROBERT SOUTHWELL, A POET OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

Shun delays, they breed remorse,

Take thy time, while time is lent thee;

Creeping snails have weakest force,

By thy fault, lest thou repent thee;

Good is best when soonest wrought,

Linger labor comes to naught.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,

Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;

Seek not time when time is past,

Speeder speed is wisdom's leisure;

After-wits are dearly bought,

Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his tools before,

Take those hold upon his forehead;

When he flies it leaves no more,

And behind his scalp is naked;

Works adourned have many stays,

Long denus breed new delays.

Seek thy silver while sore is green;

Festered wounds ask deeper lancing;

After corus are seldom seen,

Often sought, scarce ever changing;

Time and place give best advice,

Out of season, out of price.

THE DEATHBED.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

We watched her breathing through the night,

Her breathing soft and low,

As on her breast the wave of life,

Kept hooting to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak

Slowly moved about,

As we had lent her half our powers,

To kee her being out.

Our very hopes held our fears,

Our fears hope held;

We thought her dyne when she slept,

And sleeping when she died.

For when the more came in and sad,

Ari chill with early showers,

Her quiet eyelids close—she had

Another morn than ours.

## Miscellany.

From the Columbian Magazine.

THE YOUTHFUL EMIGRANT.

A true Story of the early settlement of New Jersey.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

A being breathing thoughtful breaths;

A traveller between life and death;

The raven, the tempest, the cold,

Endurance, fortitude, strength, and skill.

A perfect woman, duly planned.

To warn, to comfort, and command;

And yet a spirit still, and bright.

With something of an angel light—Wanderous.

The long course of her life, her rapid accessions to the Society of Friends, called Quakers. The strong humility, the indolent life, which then characterized that peculiar sect, attracted large numbers, even of the wealthy, to its worldly doctrines. Among these were John Haddon and his wife, and William Penn, and other proselytes from the higher classes, they encountered much ridicule and opposition from relatives, and the grossest misrepresentations from the public. But this, as usual, only made the upstart fair more resolute to those who had embraced its consecration's sake.

The three daughters of John Haddon received the best education then bestowed on gentlemen, with the exception of that of the accomplished John Eustachy.

The spinet, the organ, the violin, and the harp,

and with considerable skill, were of course banished; and her gay embroidery was burned, lest it should tempt others to a like expenditure of time.

The house was then built, and the family moved into it for the first time.

The young Elizabeth, who had been a

witness to all these scenes, had

gathered some new heat for the improvement of her dairy. Her house and barns were large, and as her residence was on the way to the Quaker meeting-house, there was no need of an asylum for her, and the religious services, in which she had been educated, were still observable in her outward manner; for the frank spontaneousness of her character had been early chastened by habitual calmness and sobriety. But her views of life had become more and more decided and determined.

She often spoke of the freedom of life away from cities, and alone, with nature; of mutual helpfulness in such a state of society, and increased independence.

Elizabeth had called her father to purchase a tract of land in New Jersey, with the view of removing thither.

Mechanics were sent out to build a suitable house and barns, and the family were to be transplanted to the New World.

The house was completed, and the family moved into it.

Elizabeth, however, was not satisfied.

Her husband, however, was

not satisfied.

He had

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